The Bystander December 27, 1916.—No. 682. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER

MISUNDERSTOOD

FRITZ (rubbing his ear): "Ach, Himmel! But I of peace talkin' vos"

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

This Christmas

It was the province of the Christmas BYSTANDER (now on sale, and all that kind of thing) to deal with this Christmas; to make the space within its covers a prohibited area for carking care under the Defence of the Merry Christmas Act; to bury Berlin beneath Bairnsfather, Blanche, and other munitions of merriment; and generally to hand out Good Wishes instead of Grave Warnings. It would not be etiquette to myself to jump the Christmas Number claim and deal with this Christmas here. It would not be seemly: this number only costs sixpence whereas we get a shilling out of you for the other.

—and the Next

But there have happened since the Christmas Number was written things which awaken in me the spirit of prophecy as to *next* Christmas. The exchange of Christmas cards between Germany and France, for instance. Germany's took the form of a Scrap of Paper containing a circular Peace Note to the Allies; France's was a pretty little thing manufactured at Verdun and comprising some eight miles of German front with prisoners and guns to match.

Reparation and Security

Even the super-pessimists will admit that this does make things look crisp for next Christmas, with promise of some considerable warmth in the interval. Reparation and security! May they be made in Germany for us for next Christmas, or delivered in advance as much as may be, and may his Imperial Majesty of Potsdam suffer copiously in his own person in providing the one and find himself tied up good and hard in the process of succumbing to the other. The words have a better ring about them than "wait and see," but the two phrases may be combined into a capital blend for German Christmas consumption: Reparation and security—you just wait and see!

FRANCE'S NEW STRONG MAN

General Nivelle, who succeeds "Papa Joffre" as Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies. He has worthily won an imperishable name by his defence of Verdun; and is an instance of almost Napoleonic rapidity of promotion. At the outbreak of war he was Colonel Nivelle; to-day—thirty months later—he is the leader of one of the most gallant, devoted and heroic armies in all the world's history

A Red Riding Hood Warning

Meanwhile the great Peace Plot is being pretty generally found to go well to music. "'Will you walk into my parlour?' said the Prussian to Allies." The cosy little chat around a council table has, of course, the genial intention of setting the Allies quarrelling and buying off one or two for the purpose of being better able to deal with the rest. The trick is old. It is a first principle of hare-cooking to catch your hare first; and when the hare takes the form not of a hare, but of a Prussian wolf, it is the most elementary wisdom to see that he is really bed-ridden before paying attention to his smooth invitations. Neglect of this precaution, it may be remembered, caused a nasty shock to the bright young life of Little Red Riding Hood.

Peace In—Ireland

There is only one kind of peace worth talking about at the present moment—peace in and with Ireland. Major Willie Redmond talked it in the House of Commons last week, and if the spirit in which he spoke could be assumed by the politicians and newspaper-writers we should be in a fair way towards getting nearer —about 150,000 men nearer— talking about the Great Peace as a practical proposition. Nothing so well proves that a happy settlement of the Irish question is possible as the fact that each side says it is impossible—because of the other side. When you have that situation you have the very field for which statesmanship is devised; and it is precisely the pathos of Ireland's tragedy that she has been an affair of politicians always and of statesmen never.

Restrictions and Restricted

The Dictators are getting to work. As rumours of restrictions thicken and some begin actually to restrict I notice signs of a delightfully human attitude towards them on the part of the public. The man who rarely goes by train is all for the travelling restrictions; and you can meet scores of people only too anxious and ready to cut their sugar down to a lump a week if you happen to move among persons who have never taken more. Happily for the success of all the schemes, nobody's circle is composed of his own counterparts in tastes and habits, and nobody dares grumble at any of these little things for fear of being called unpatriotic, which is bad, or greedy, which is worse.

(*Continued on page* 686)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 685)

Welsh, Zulus, and Prussians

Two fiery little Welshmen added to their laurels on successive days of this week. Mr. James Wilde knocked out a gentleman named the Zulu Kid. Mr. Lloyd George administered the punch in his very best style to a Prussian named Bethmann-Hollweg in particular and to a criminal named Germany in general. Photographs have presented me with the Zulu Kid lying prone very much the worse for wear; my mental vision, immensely sharpened by the Premier's lens, reflects the Prussian Beast at no very distant period not only down, but writhing. Zulu Kids fight clean and don't writhe—they are, you see, well plucked 'uns. The difference in the case of the Prussian Beast is that he will writhe because in another sense of the word he will end a well-plucked 'un: plucked clean—ton for ton, and everything else to scale or a bit over.

Rope-Ends

The Premier had a great opportunity, and he took it with both hands. He added to his famous scrap-book of illuminating phrases. Much of the collection was made when his taste was a trifle bizarre; but history, the ultimate connoisseur in these matters, will shake them out. "Rare and refreshing fruits" is unlikely to outlast our own time. But I will wager that history books a century hence will write of the German Peace Note as "referred to by the Prime Minister as a noose into which the Allies were invited to put their heads while Germany held the rope-end." There you have it pat. But there you emphatically don't have the Allies. True, there are going to be some rope-ends in this business before it is through; but in Allied hands for Prussian backs.

Blunders, Past and to Come

Altogether a good speech, this with which the Premier made his début as such. Bringing you up with a round turn when threatening to let you go soaring up into optimism; steadying you with a firm pull when lowering you towards pessimism; never floating you around in the nebulous atmosphere of neither one thing nor the other; very refreshingly owning up that the blunder of Rumania *was* a blunder. As to that, of course, it was the blunder of somebody else's Premiership and not of the speaker's, which, no doubt, is a good deal easier to admit; but it is encouraging to feel there is someone in authority who understands that the British public knows a blunder when it sees one, and is not gulled, but only alarmed, by being told that it isn't nearly as bad as it looks. If the Premier will stick to that policy in regard to events during his own control we shall be the better able to stick out the blunders that, not being an archangel—on the contrary, being Lloyd George—he is unlikely to get through without making.

B.A.I.C.B.W.P.

The Circumlocution Office is far from being dead yet. I notice its ponderous hand in the matter of the new arrangement by which wireless news is issued to the newspapers. This was formerly acknowledged to "Wireless Press." Now the Government has taken over distribution of matter from this source, and the Circumlocution Office inflicts upon editors "British Admiralty Intercepts Collected by Wireless Press." Its previous effort at a bright and snappy style adorns official photographs: "Official Photograph Issued by Press Bureau. Crown Copyright Reserved." There should be some quaint answers to the question we are all going to be asked one day: "Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?" But few are more likely to impress the child-mind so weightily as the Circumlocution Office gentleman's: "My boy, I invented 'British Admiralty Intercepts Collected by Wireless Press'—'Official Photograph Issued by Press Bureau. Crown Copyright Reserved.'" "Is 'Intercepts' a noun, daddy?" "I made it so, my boy. I did my bit."

The Bystander's New Year Resolutions

EVERYONE makes new resolutions at the beginning of the New Year. This time, however, most of the new resolutions that one usually voluntarily makes have become compulsory—economy, less drink, less luxury, fewer pleasure trips, etc., etc.; and for the general public the problem of how to "turn over a new leaf" has either been solved or made impossible, because all the "new leaves" have been turned over or "dog's-eared" by a paternal Government. With THE BYSTANDER, however, the matter is different. We *have* got new leaves to turn over. New leaves which the Government so far knows nothing about. These new leaves, if the Censor allows, we shall certainly turn over, as will you, our readers; and they will be worth turning over, too. They will be brighter, and lighter, and cheerier than ever, full of good-humoured digs at somebody or something. They will raise bigger smiles than ever for the boys at the front and their people at home. In short, they will make every bairn's father a cheerier man by their humour.

Our programme will include:—

THE BEST OF THE OLD FEATURES

and many

BRILLIANT NEW ONES

The keynotes will be

CHEERINESS

and

BRIGHTNESS

To our Readers in 1917

OH! let the Germans in their need
To further frightfulness proceed—
What does it matter what they do,
While you've got us and we've got you?
Bairnsfather still will make you laugh,
With "Bill" and "Bert" in kindly chaff;
Oh! there's no need for any fuss
While we've got you and you've got us!

We are starting well with the first issue of the New Year next week. A brand new

COVER DESIGN IN COLOUR BY BAIRNSFATHER

as well as a double-page red-hot

"FRAGMENT."

A first-rate

SHORT STORY

by Macdonald Hastings and the first of a new series of

BRILLIANT SATIRICAL SKITS

"The Bystander" during the New Year will always be cheery, and as "Old Bill" would put it, always "——— bon," and never "Napoo"

Of Two Evils the Lesser

THE PRIME MINISTER: "Well! of course, I *can imagine* a man being more happily circumstanced as to fellow-travellers, but, frankly, of the two I find the lady on my right distinctly the less repulsive!"

A Whimsical Diary: No. III.

"LEAVE." BY "WILL OF THE WISPSHIRES"

As to what soldiers think of German peace tricks, ditto to what I said last week as to what they think of Cabinet crises—they haven't time to think about them. If, however, one might have missed one's breakfast in honour of Mr. Lloyd George (to get the paper to read about him) one certainly wouldn't for Bethmann. All that happened, on the "parade" passing the news placard "Germany Offers Peace," was a most unparade-like grin and a non-regulation guffaw, which made the sentry glower.

⁂ ⁂

The sentry, while on duty, is *ipso facto censor morum* —and of buttons, and arms, and cigarettes. To pass him in a state so distantly resembling nudity as that of being minus one small button is to court a rebuke which must be instantly respected. Though he knows you are in process of smoking a cigarette, officially, as you pass him, you must be as one who has never even heard of the practice. The little bit of you that he visualises must be just perfection. While on guard he is St. Peter at the Golden Gates, though I doubt if he feels like it. But I digress.

⁂ ⁂

If there are peace cranks loose in the Army, they aren't to be found in my little bit of it—which is a training corps. Everybody wants to have his smack, somehow or somewhere, at Fritz, and then only will he, perhaps, if and when he has time, think about peace tricks. Even then, he will probably think what he now thinks, in the relative minor key.

⁂ ⁂

No, what we really think *and* talk about is Christmas and week-end LEAVE, and we want the civilians to think and talk about it too. We want rather for the good folk to realise what leave means to us. They see us in the streets of town and village looking happy, and they say: "How they seem to enjoy serving their country," omitting to realise that what we are enjoying at the moment is not serving it. I don't say that we don't enjoy some of our duties at certain times, for we do. But we enjoy all the time that we are not on duty, and it is the pure, unadulterated joy of those thirty-six hours that enables us to enjoy some of the week's remaining one hundred and thirty-two.

⁂ ⁂

A SOLDIER on leave isn't, strictly speaking, a soldier, though he's in khaki and he salutes. Unburdened of rifle and marching-kit, he is several tons lighter, and feels like his own ghost. In order to make him realise what leave means, it is the amusing little way of some commands to order *full* marching-kit to be worn on parade an hour and a half before the starting of the train to Heaven (*i.e.*, home). The sensation of flinging off that burden is like nothing on earth, and that of arriving in a locality definitely without the ken of the battalion sergeant-major is Paradise Regained. And the Sunday morning in bed (*with* breakfast and no parade), who would rob Thomas of it if and while he can get it?

⁂ ⁂

PEOPLE must realise that it's the compensations of British soldiering that make the British soldier what he is. A wise Army Council knows that, wherefore it has washed out that threatened stoppage of LEAVE. I wonder who issued it in the first instance? Was it the Hidden Hand, preparing the way for a favourable reception of the peace bluff? If so, it was clever indeed of the Hidden Hand. Next week, perhaps, it will threaten a stoppage of jam, and then—well, perhaps Bethmann may have peace on quite easy terms—say the retention of Berlin, a small police force, and the return of the Bismarck Archipelago for the residence of the Hohenzollerns and the relics of the Cuffley Zeppelin. "W. O. W."

BAIRNSFATHER MODELS

These remarkably realistic model reproductions of some of Captain Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France" have been constructed by Major Hale Edwards, a martyr to his X-Ray work, at the Sutton Convalescent Camp, where crippled soldiers are taught trades

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON.

DEAR COUSIN—

QUITE a new thing in war-Christmases, this one—and very nice, too, I think, in its own little way. War's dreadful all the time, of course, but as we've got to celebrate Christmas—the men on leave, khaki and navy blue, insist on that—it's a blessing that it's (by order) one of the quiet, homey, gather-round-the-ingle-nook sort that before the war we should have voted quite too *dreadfully* dull for *words*.

"Nothing doing, except paying bills"

NOT ab-solutely necessary this year, even if you're in Town, to take your meals in the goldy glitter and glare of the very latest thing in smart restaurants—"one of those international *caravansaries*," as Mr. Cunninghame-Graham says in his last book, "that pass their clients through a sort of vulgarising process which blots out every type. It makes the Argentine, the French, the Englishman and the American all alike before the power of wealth." Not that it isn't very nice and amusing now and again to have one's nourishment (and conversation, if the band will let you) right in the middle of a bustling, hustling, munching crowd. And, of course, it's just what most of them long for and look forward to for months and months in the mud and boredom of the trenches or the grey winter waste of the North Sea.

BUT there are others, even among the most weary and war-worn of the Home-on-Leavers. "I love to daydream my first evening at home," one of them's just written me. "In the drawing-room after dinner—soft-coloured walls, with Japanese prints and Chinese and Korean china, blazing fire, and two black spaniels sprawling on the hearth or going round the family one by one licking up the dregs of sugar from the coffee-cups. Guv'nor, with his horn specs. on in his deep chair, reading Browning or Shelley to us, mater curled up on the sofa half asleep, me puffing away at my old pipe in my private chair and a charming girl sitting on the—what do you call it, tuffet or muffet?—by the fire playing softly with the dogs' silky ears, the red light from the fire making a halo of her hair. Don't you think it makes a nice picture?

"DOMESTIC but not too heavy; charming yet not frivolous. And I'll jolly well soak in a hot bath before brekker next morning, and not come down till 11—porridge and cream (no touch of milk shall taint it), flakey white haddock with milk and butter sauce, sausages and bacon, crisp toast, hot coffee· And afterwards a pipe, an armchair, the *Morning Post*, and a feeling of blissful, ruminatory animal content."

BUT even this home-loving young sybarite confesses in his next breath that he isn't such a confirmed and unadulterated home-bird, after all. "What I really want to know, beloved Blanche, is where, when, and how you're going to come and dine and theatre with me? After nine months of this damnableness, to sit in a warm restaurant in a clean boiled shirt and a sweet young thing with whom to hold pleasant converse, lissom curves, warm cheeks, downcast eyes. . . . Oh, Hades! but there'll be H—— to pay if I don't get that New Year leave they promised me!"

WELL, perhaps we can arrange it—most of it. But I'm afraid this (slightly materialistic) day-dreamer has got just a bit behind the times out there on the Food Question. Breakfasts like that aren't done in England now, except, perhaps, by the very, very, very rich, the munitioners, and Sam Browne makers, and that sort of thing. Haddocks are worth their weight in gold these days, bacon's kept for Sundays only, sugar's got to be begged for from the grocer on bended knees, and as for cream—why, I'm told it's not on the *menu* even at Buckingham Palace now.

(*Continued on page 699*)

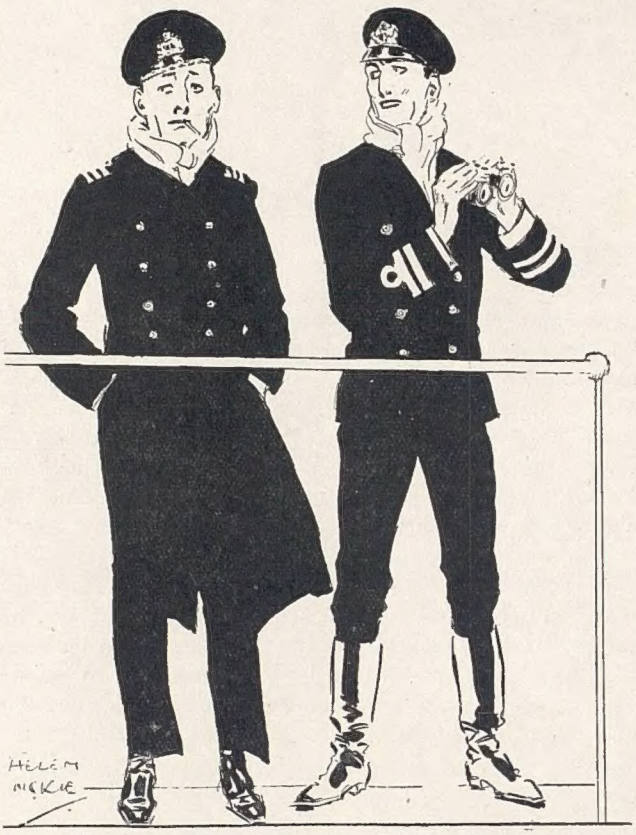
"This is the world, and he is King"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 689)

OF course, for the men on leave I daresay even the Food Controller —Lord Devonport and Captain Bathurst, his henchman—might be cajoled into stretching a point or two, and, after all, this is to be a very extra special brekker, consumed in the precious privacy of home, sweet home ; but if his dinner appetite is anything like his breakfast one, I can hold out but little hope. He'll have to have at *least* two of the new-style restaurants dinner—and even then I'm afraid he'll still be feeling a little bit of a sinking.

❀ ❀

HOWEVER—if the Navy had its way, you know, I doubt if he'd ever get his leave at all. "Those subalterns get too much leave, 'pon my word they do—France is too near!" writes that dashing sailor-man, the editor of *Kia-Ora*, which is the official and original and quite delightful magazine of H.M.S. ——. (Mustn't say her name, of course, but my Colonial cousins, I expect, will guess all right.) "And here are we," he writes, in a "Letter *to* Blanche" that's their very last word in new features, "with nothing to see and nowhere to go, all dressed up and not a girl on the horizon, but spanking tin-fish and looking for trouble in the one-time German Ocean.



"All dressed up and not a girl on the horizon"

❀ ❀

"AND when anything happens they ask you :

'Where is the Navy?'
We sit in the sun,
And wait for the Hun,
C/o
G.P.O."

Thinking meanwhile of "That Elusive Leave," as another *Kia-Ora* poet calls it :

Now the day is over,
Leave is drawing nigh,
Shadows of a bust-up
Steal across the sky.

❀ ❀

BUT——well, it doesn't always come off, any more than in Flanders. And then, I'm sorry to say, the Strong Silent Service makes some strong but not silent observations.

Silence may be golden,
And swearing indiscreet,
Still, they don't draft angels
Into the British Fleet.

❀ ❀

EXCEPT on H.M.S. ——, of course. "You've no idea how you puzzle us, Blanche," the dear things editorially croon. "Say, are you a tailor-maid, or are you one of the roughly-fluffly girls—is she dark or fair or tall or small? Hurry up, darling cousin, with your reply, for which we anxiously wait, from the skipper down to the smallest midshipmite—in fact, everybody from the crow's nest to the double-bottoms."

REPLY AS REQUESTED.—Tailor-made or roughly-fluffly? Neither, I hope, but just a happy medium. Dark, fair, tall, or small? The answer is in the affirmative, or, if preferred, the negative. Happy New Year. With love. Writing.—BLANCHE.

❀ ❀

OF course, you've heard of the last word in fashions for officers—no plain clothes anywhere except at the most grandfatherly of clubs, not even for the Guards. But they say they're not going to enforce the rule too strictly for men from the front, so the boiled shirt of their dreams isn't quite outside the realms of possibility. Personally, you know, though it's not for a mere poor weak woman to have an opinion in these matters, I like it every time and all the time—the uniform of honour when there's a war on. It spells all that there is of splendour and self-sacrifice—and, also, it's awfully becoming.

❀ ❀

OH, the *wonderful* transformations I've seen a Sam Browne and a wrist watch and some leather leggings effect! One day, in tweed suit and bowler hat, a just ordinary young man, like all the others, but the next come home those "breeches, riding," etc., and after that—

This is the world,
And he is King,
For him the birds
Come out and sing.

❀ ❀

NOTHING whatever doing, of course, in London now, except settling down to another war-year (you never saw such unanimity as that with which we turned down those German "peace" proposals) and paying bills (which always break out in perfectly ghastly fashion somehow on the morning after the Christmas night before). Pantomimes are as usual, also the topical plays—you know, *Bluebell in Fairyland* and *Peter Pan* and *Alice in Wonderland* and *Charley's Aunt*, and the rest. There are the home-from-schoolers to be mentally catered for, and at this season of good-will lots of grown-ups, too, seem to think a juvenile outlook on life the proper one to assume.

❀ ❀

I DON'T often hear from what someone calls our forgotten army in Mesopotamia now, so I'm very pleased to get the following, though never before, I think, have I found myself so closely in the minds of men associated with beer, glorious beer. "Having

(Continued on page 692)

Home from India

Camera Portrait *Lallie Charles*

VISCOUNTESS ERRINGTON

Just returned from India with her husband, Viscount Errington (son and heir of Lord Cromer), who has been private secretary to Lord Hardinge during his Viceroyalty, and is now to take up the post of assistant private secretary to the King

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 690)

just received four cases of beer after a drought of some weeks," writes the captain of a signal company, "the natural inclination of any right-minded Englishman is, of course, to write to Blanche. This spot is, as you know, a bit dry, and there aren't over many skirts about, but we're not going to worry you with our trials, not while we have our Blanche and our beer, anyway.

❀ ❀

"BUT what we do want to say is that there's one branch of the Service you've neglected badly. We refer to that gallant band of heroes whose rôle includes anything from waving a flag under the nose of brother Turk to sitting in a tent miles in the rear buzzing on a buzzer or ticking on a ticker. As these are the boys who do all the work (like the Vestal Virgins we never sleep) and get none of the *kudos*, naturally we feel hurt. Send us a cheery word, Blanche, we implore you, and we'll forgo the *kudos* part. But tell us this. We read of so many war-weddings. All the young dogs at home are having all the fun while we rot on the banks of the Tigris. D'you think there'll be anything left for us poor tired old greybeards by the time we've got shut of this spot?"

"Not so long as we have our Blanche and our beer—"

MY dear soul, millions! Marriage is still woman's future ideal, if munitions are her present purpose. Wait till you all come marching home. You'll be in such request that probably you'll wish you hadn't. So far from civilisation, you know, I sometimes think you've a little forgotten how you once used to look upon woman as a bit of a necessary nuisance.

❀ ❀

REMINDS me, a quite nice young man, also in the East, writes to say charming things about my letters: "You must be a dear girl. But—I wonder! I know a *little* of the inner workings of a paper, and I think it's *quite* possible that what you *really* are is a harassed, bald-headed male with a very large family!! Oh, Blanche, I blanch to think it!!! Say it is not so!!!! I can never hope, of course, to hear from you *personally* (???), but *do* tell me in the 'By.' that you *are*, that you *exist actually, materially, positively!*"

❀ ❀

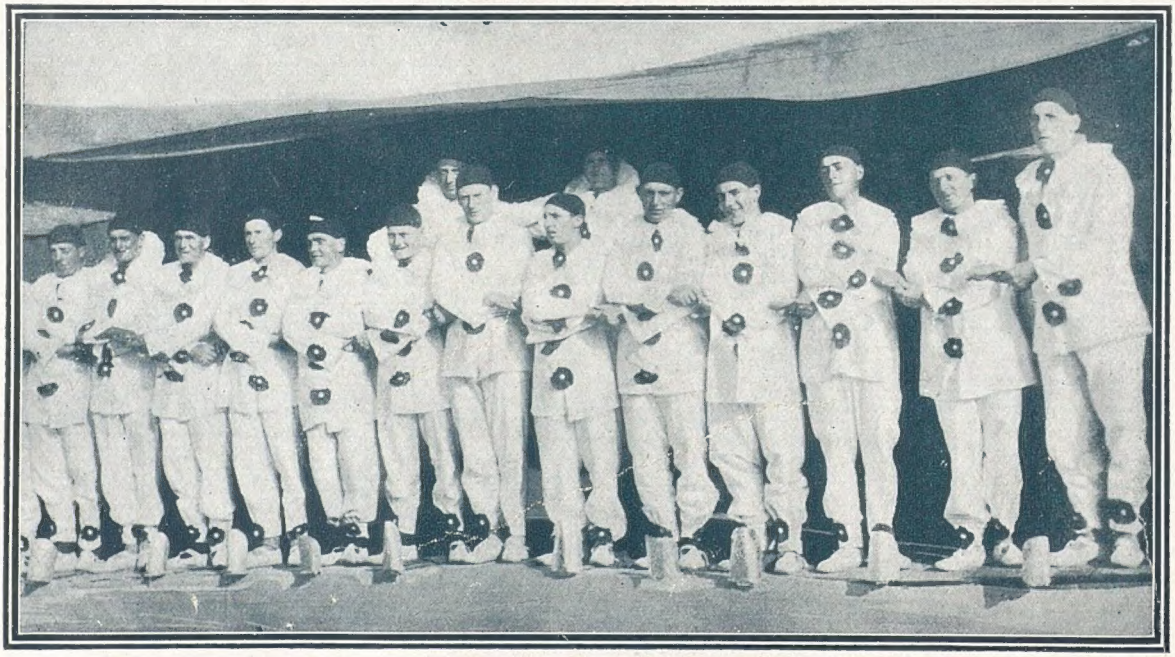
POSITIVE Queen Victoria, isn't he, for exclamation marks and underlinings? But, poor dear, he feels weak and wild, and no wonder. "Would'st believe it, Blanche?" he writes. "Once I was known to all and sundry as 'Mad Mac.' Six months in this station" (it's somewhere in India) "have converted me into the morose and cynical beggar who thus throws doubt upon a charming person's identity. Sing not to me songs of dusky maids, mosques, minarets, moons, monkeys, and mad mullahs. No! For I'm feddy-up with India. Not even the chance of a decent frontier scrap. 'Elp!"

❀ ❀

Next time I write you it'll be next year!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE



PIERROT AT THE FRONT

This interesting photograph shows a group of soldiers, somewhere on Active Service, taking part, in their moments of relaxation, in a Pierrot Entertainment

Tribunal Tribulation at Gruyere Castle

"After to-night, Lady Barbara, you'll have to drag these chains about and groan in the east wing, 'cos my exemption's up on Monday"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Consulting the Oracle

One of the more curious effects of the war appears to be the abnormal developments of the fortune-telling industry. It seems that almost anybody with a pack of cards and a back room in the West End can make money just now by predicting future events for cash, with the usual reduction on taking a quantity.

For five shillings the cards will be shuffled and dealt carefully, and they will then, according to the shuffler, give a certain indication of the things that are going to happen to you in the future. As to your past, of course, nothing can be said because the shuffler knows nothing; and cards are very reticent if their information is likely to be criticised by someone who has got the facts. If the future indicated for you is not as bright as you could wish, you have only to spring another five shillings for a fresh deal; and somewhere about the thirty-shilling stage you will learn that your future prospects are absolutely rosy.

The crystal-gazer and the palmist are, as a matter of fact, the most popular of war-time seers at the moment. For the modest fee of half-a-guinea, the expert will gaze into a glass ball, and he will see almost anything there except the shadow of the policeman who is coming upstairs to run him in.

It seems only natural that the principal customers of the modern soothsayer should be of the military persuasion. The soldier in war-time is as superstitious as the sailor at all times, and as a fortune-teller usually has the sense to tell him just what he wants to be told, both parties to the deal are satisfied.

The soldier's lady friend is also, it appears, a liberal patron of the magic arts. She is not usually so open-handed in the matter of fees as the soldier himself, and she usually wants more detail for her money; but, in a business where all the takings represent profits, you musn't look a gift horse in the eye-tooth. The lady, I gather, usually wants to know why his letters are so short now, and whether there is another girl, and if so why can't he say so plainly, because she has got her own eye on someone else who only needs encouragement, and couldn't she have a reduction on the usual fee, as she can only afford eighteenpence?

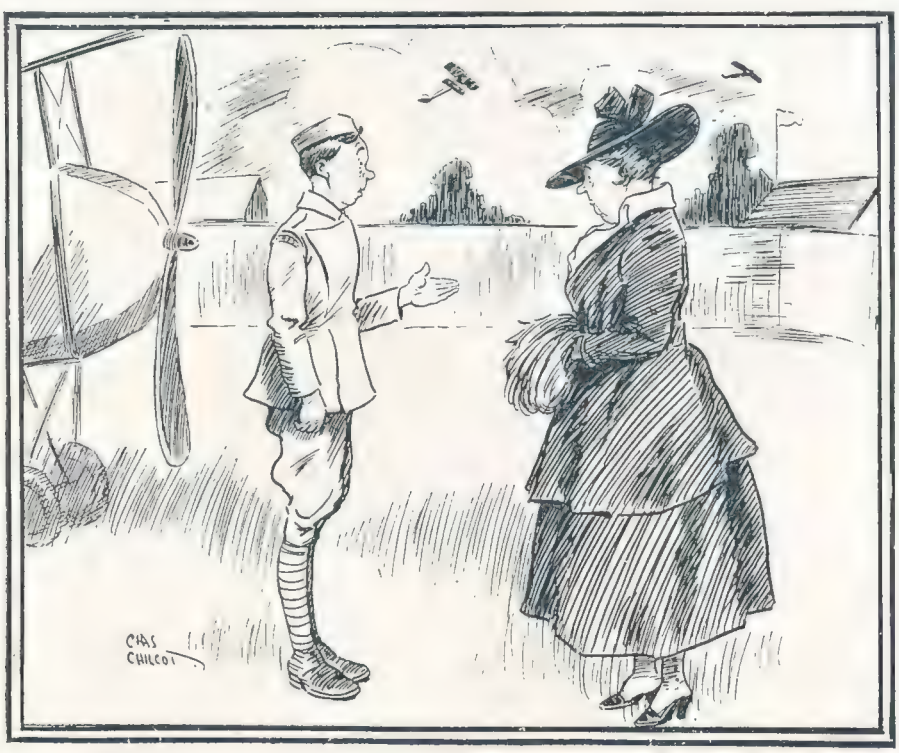
Crystal-gazing is, I suppose, an absolute fraud; but the palmist has his defenders in the name of "science." This is, perhaps, because palmistry rests upon a very slight basis of fact. For instance, if you are holding a lady's hand (steady, now!) and you observe that it is white and slim and beautifully manicured, you will be safe in asserting that she is not a munitioner, and is not doing scullery work in a Red Cross Hospital.

But fact ends and rosy fiction begins from that point onwards, especially when the palmist, after examining the scar that you gave yourself when trying to open a box of sardines at the picnic with a penknife, tells you that your life story is written there. You will experience a crisis about the age of forty-five, but it will pass, and the other man will pay you the half-crown he owes you, and you will be on speaking terms again.

Personally, I have a tender spot in my heart for the palmist. I rather like being told by a soft-voiced lady that the lines on my hand indicate that I am about to inherit a large fortune and to win the undying love of a golden-haired girl with an affectionate disposition. For a middle-aged family man, the latter stroke of luck is, perhaps, a little irrelevant; but the money part is always interesting, and it is consoling besides to receive from time to time the assurance that such a commodity actually exists.

Much of the fortune-teller's rich harvest comes from those who go to him in their distress to learn some tidings of the man whose letters no longer come from the fighting line. For an obvious reason, I can sympathise with this crowning anxiety of the times; and if the seer's victims can derive consolation from his faked news it seems to me that it is only merciful to leave the illusion undestroyed.

Arnold Golsworthy



COLD FACT

"But what if your engine stops in the air—What happens? Can't you get down?"

"That's just what 'appens, mum. There's two Huns up over in France now with their engines stopped. They can't get down; so they're starving to death"

Crow's Nest Villa

"Gentleman desires to let his bijou residence; detached, elevated position, commanding uninterrupted views of the North Sea"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

BARRAQUES DE NOËL

CHER AMI—

I FIND the average Englishman has never heard of your *barraques de Noël*. On explaining to him that at Christmas time little stalls, miniature shops, tarpaulin-covered, appear mushroom-wise in the night along the kerb-stones of the Grands Boulevards, containing toys, cheap jewellery, and all the flotsam and jetsam of the hawker, he retorts that there is nothing in all that. "Good gracious me, I see nothing the least interesting in a hawker's barrow, my dear fellow; reminds me of whelks and fried fish. We've got all that in the East End, thank you." Thus rise his insular tail feathers at the mere suggestion of French superiority. But he hasn't got the *barraques*. What he has got, in the purlieus of Pimlico and Mile End is a crude and hideous imitation of the little shops on the Paris pavements. The presence of these stalls brought the war home to me more vividly than many other things at Christmas, 1914. In the gathering dusk of a winter afternoon, at the corner by the Madeleine, I found husband and wife busy at the erection of their stall on the pavement edge. The next day the Italiens and the Capucines were full of them.

* *

YOU would have thought the shock of war, and the sudden cessation of your *commerce de luxe*, would have warned those good citizens that these were not the times for buying flippancies. Not so, however. *Père et fils* from over the river; *Veuve et filles* from the Antoine district, had bargained with the municipal authorities early in July, let us say, for their few square feet of pavement. And there it was—war or no war the little stock had been bought, and must be sold. Besides, for years the family of *Père et fils* have had a *barraque* at Christmas. And was not little Margot's operation paid for out of last year's profits? "*Allons donc! Je m'en fiche de la guerre, moi!*" etc. It is in these things that your countrymen, no matter of what class, rouse me to superlatives of admiration. It seems impossible to cast you down. You may wince, but the wince fades quickly into the light, mocking laugh we know so well, followed by the old saying (now hallowed): "*Continuez, Messieurs 'Dames, continuez toujours.*"

* *

SO they struggled on, these good street vendors, despite the fact that they importuned half-empty boulevards. But sell they did by sheer charm of personality and verve. I myself, a childless man, bought dozens of toys, "for the little children, monsieur," and found myself bulging home with them before I was aware of the enormity of my folly. And how different they are in the manner of their selling to our raucous-voiced privateers of the pavement! If you set a French hawker down, say, in Ludgate Hill, beside an English rival, the poor fellow would be shouted off the street in an hour. That is not their way. The artistry of France is more subtle. Take two instances on Christmas Eve. A Londoner, with a voice like the bulls of Basan, stands amid naphtha flares in the Vauxhall Bridge Road. A depressing odour of orange-peel rises about him. His stall is piled with outrageous rubbish from Birmingham; gold and silver of the baser sort; pottery that is a criminal libel on the fair fame of hardware; ghastly oleographs of someone meant for the King, but no more like him than you are, set in a frame which screams for mercy. You pause for a moment in horror at the display, wondering what manner of man it is who buys these things, and why?

* *

THE owner thrusts an unshaven and aggressive face close to yours (you notice he is *not* an abstainer), and shouts: "'Ere y'are, maite, wotcher taikin'? 'Ave one o' these 'ere rowled gowled Alberts: go on, two an' a tanner—blimey, it's cheap enough, ain't it? Wot more d'yer want, aih?" On the contrary, you want far less, and shrink back in dismay and disgust, while he produces his adjectives about tardy buyers.

* *

PARIS, same night and time. You emerge from a favourite café down by the Porte St Denis They are all hard at it, the *barraque* merchants, male and female; but there is no noise, no smell of tired fruit, no naphtha flares. You pause again absently before a stall. Its entire stock cost possibly a third less than that other. It is tawdry, certainly. But it offends not the eye. Its whimsicality has a pathetic appeal. It has been chosen with care and foresight; much of it, you feel, has been made at home, since last Christmas. The owner moves quietly towards you with a welcome twinkle. "What is monsieur's pleasure? Are they not pretty, these—and those? See: and so cheap, nine sous merely. That would look charming upon the blouse of madame. No? Ah, well! And these; *tenez*, monsieur will be intrigued by the novelty of this machine. Monsieur has spent all his money? *Quel malheur!* But no matter; monsieur would have spent it wisely, without doubt. *Bonsoir, Monsieur, et bonne nuit.*"

* *

YOU are thoroughly ashamed of yourself for having lied so blatantly and bought nothing. You are arrested by the smile of a woman selling at an adjacent stall and by her clear, Picardy skin. Yes, you will have that—and this. You want neither, but your conscience still tingles. Four francs eighty? A five-franc piece, and you ignore the change. She is the wife of the polite man who hoped you would sleep well, and their coffer is a common one. But you didn't know that. How should you?

Bonsoir, Jacques—et bonne nuit!

JOHN

The Lion Lends the Bear a Hand

BRITISH ARMOURED CAR SECTION WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY

A SQUADRON OF BRITISH ARMOURED CARS EN ROUTE TO THE CAUCASUS FRONT

OFFICER IN CHARGE SUPERVISING THE STARTING OF THE EXPEDITION ON ITS LONG JOURNEY

A BRITISH SENTRY ON DUTY IN THE ICEFIELDS OF THE CAUCASUS

LIGHT LORRIES CROSSING A STREAM

Photographs *Topical*

Some interesting pictures of the doings of the British Armoured Car Section, which has seen much service in the Caucasus and on other Russian fronts. Their surroundings indicate clearly the Arctic rigours they encounter and the hardships they endure; but in a better cause and with a better result, though with greater dangers, than any "Arctic Expedition"

BELLICOSITIES

DISCUSSING the German peace proposals, a contemporary hazards the remark that "in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." There's an optimist for you! Why, we know some old Foreign Office birds that no sooner see a net than they nest in it.

⁂

MIDDLESBROUGH, like the new Government, has risen to the occasion. Bands and carols are taboo. There will be no waits to see in Middlesbrough this Christmas.

⁂

IT is often said that Britons have been going too slow. Britons, however, catching Lord Devonport's eye, fear that they may be going to fast.

⁂

LORD NORTHCLIFFE says that he does not know Mr. Lloyd George in private life; and Mr. Lloyd George has as good as said that he does not recognise Lord Northcliffe in public life. It really looks as if the irresistible force never will meet the immovable post.

BY this time the Kaiser and his Chancellor can hardly have failed to realise the depressing fact that, in the view of the *Entente* and of neutrals alike, the "Peace" which they have affected to offer is merely a Peace of Impudence.

⁂

"WILL Mr. Lloyd George," asks a daily paper, "receive whips from the Liberal Party Office?" Probably not; but there are already signs that he may expect to receive scorpions, on occasion, from the Liberal Party Press.

⁂

WHAT appeared to be the flippant familiarity of a recent *Evening News* contents-bill in calling the Chancellor of the Exchequer simply "Bonar" was presumably due to the exigencies of space. One of those cases, no doubt, in which necessity knows no "Law."

BY their prompt co-operation, Lord Devonport, Sir Joseph Maclay, Sir Albert Stanley, and Mr. Prothero have already provided us, we are told, with a "Food Cabinet." We wish them equal success in their next and more arduous job of finding enough to put into it.

⁂

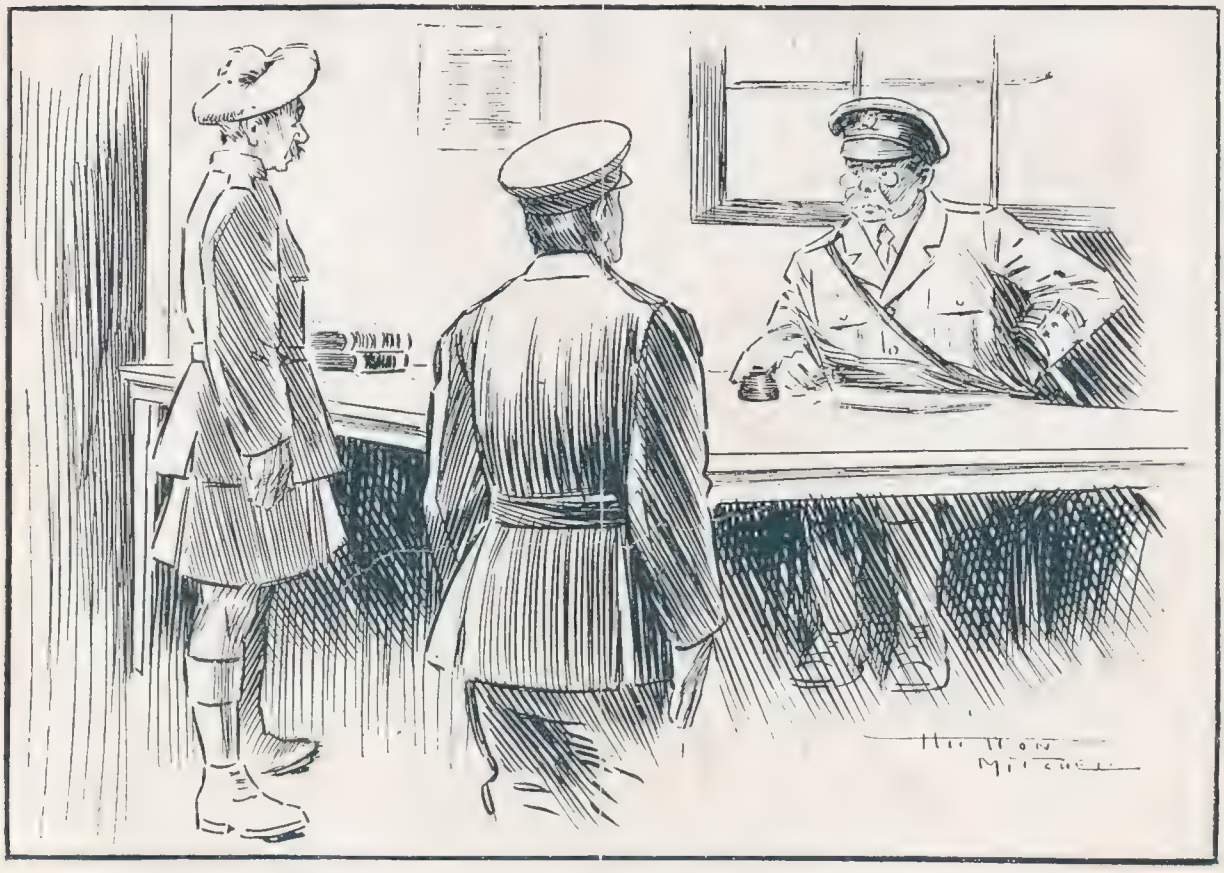
THE reported failure of the supply of chestnuts is very distressing. In this cruel aggravation of their war-time difficulties, our humorous writers are entitled to general sympathy.

⁂

IN a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Llewellyn Williams describes the new Premier as "the first Welshman to attain world-wide fame." Mr. Williams's modesty is impressive—more so, in fact, than his knowledge of his ancient country's history.

⁂

"IT is impossible," wails the *Vorwarts*, "to dine off words." Naturally, the Socialist journal would be glad enough to exchange the Reichstag for a more liberal Diet.



OFFICER: "How can you tell that the prisoner had been celebrating Christmas too freely?"
CORPORAL: "'Cause 'e was standin' outside 'is tent at twelve o'clock, argifyin' with the sergeant, sir."
OFFICER: "That's no proof. Scotsmen always argue"
CORPORAL: "But there weren't no sergeant there, sir!"

Duty before Pleasure

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Well, if yer thinks yer ought to, I'll lend yer this bit 'o mistletoe 'o mine"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Among the Pe

This Official Italian War photograph gives a graphic idea of the conditions in which Italy's gallant soldiers h
surroundings, is seen making its way

eaks of Silence

ve to carry out their duties. Here a column of men, tiny as ants in the unimaginable grandeur of their across the snow to occupy the crest

Seeing the Old Year Out

Thoughts, memories, and dreams,
Of days, dead but dear;
And—possibly some little schemes
For the New Year!

BY BLAMPIED

"An elderly colonel was so startled that she dropped her knitting"

The Bystander in Paris

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

THE white-whiskered old man in the Admiral's uniform stood up and cleared his throat, and everybody hammered on the table with their coffee-spoons for silence.

"*Mon Général, mon Colonel, Mesdames et Messieurs des armées françaises et Alliées,*" he said, "I rise to propose a toast." I wondered a little why he should be speaking English—good English, too—but there were several queer things about that banquet. All the ladies were in uniform, and very smart and workmanlike they looked. My partner at table was a charming little naval lieutenant who had been a musical comedy actress before the war, she said. What caught my eye at first were the servants—in khaki. Then I noticed ——. The old gentleman with the white whiskers had got into his stride. "I am asking you," he said, "ladies and gentlemen of the Allied armies, to help me this evening to do honour to a unique personality." "Hear, hear!" said I. An elderly colonel, who was sitting opposite, was so startled at my interruption that she dropped her knitting. "Hush!" said my neighbour, "carry on! It's *your* health, you know!" "Mine?" I said. And white-whiskers went on.

*

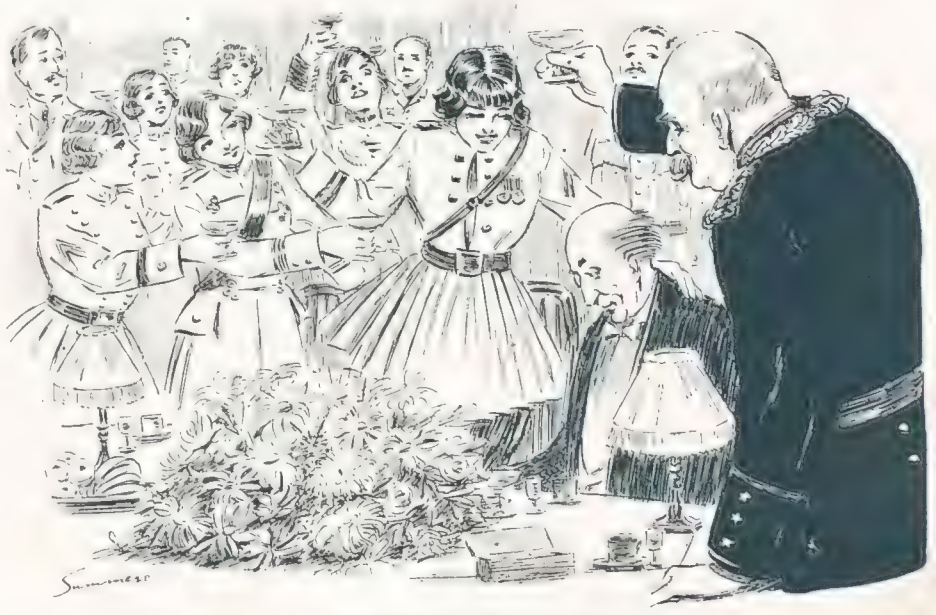
"LADIES and gentlemen," said he, "we are dining together this evening for no ordinary purpose. We have wished to signalise the twenty-fifth anniversary of the war's beginning in a worthy manner, and we knew that no better way could be found than by our choice of the guest of the evening." Here white-whiskers turned to me and saluted, and the youngest subaltern present (a charming little French girl she was, too) whisked out of her seat, leaned over me, hung the Legion of Honour (the Grand Cross ribbon) across my chest, and kissed me on both cheeks, while massed bands in the balcony above us crashed out a curiously sandwiched reminiscence of "God Save the King," the "Marseillaise," "Boje Czare Krani," and some other national anthems, in which I caught the Belgian lilt distinctly, with magnificent effect.

WE have among us this evening," White-Whiskers went on, "a guest whom the regimental newspapers have already made famous, a man whose like is no longer to be found in any European country. Since, twenty years ago, the neutral countries—the countries, I mean, which until then had been neutral—came into line and joined in the world's war (*très bien!*) our guest of the evening has had no peer on this side of the Atlantic, and very few—er—er—elsewhere. There are, I understand, a few of his kind still to be found in Lapland and one or two among the more distant villages of the Eskimo, but, with these exceptions, I may safely say that the man we are honouring this evening is unique, and presently, when the orderly-sergeant toast-master has seen to it that your glasses are duly charged, I shall ask you to rise in your places and, taking your time from me, to empty them with musical honours to the health of *the only civilian!*" (*Loud cheers.*)

*

"ALL of us present have done, and are doing, our bit in this war, but, I will ask you for a moment to contemplate the trials and sufferings

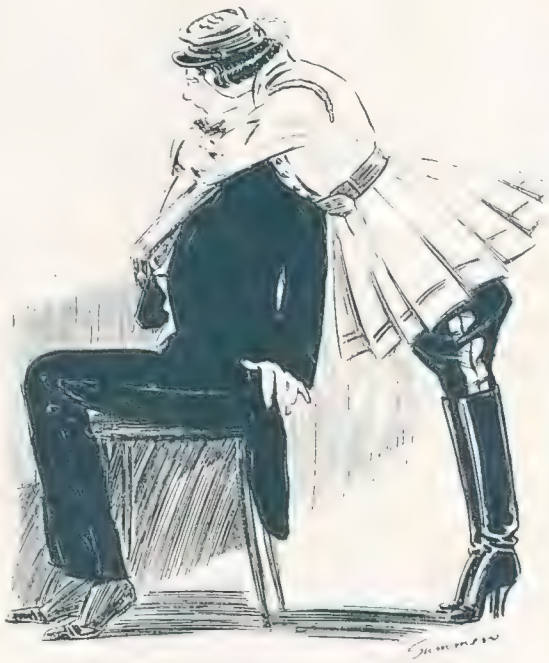
(*Continued on page 704*)



"To the health of the only civilian"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 703)

of our guest." "Don't blush," whispered the naval lieutenant, slipping her hand into mine. "Everybody's looking at you. Look down your nose. That's what I always do when *my* health's being drunk." "For five-and-twenty years," went on White-Whiskers, "our guest has led the life of a civilian in war-time, while we have been comfortably at war. I will ask you to bear with me for a few moments—I will be as brief as I can—while I touch upon the incidents of his extraordinary career,



"The youngest subaltern present kissed me on both cheeks"

THE older ones among you may remember that, when war was declared a quarter of a century ago, the British Army volunteered. At that time there was an age-limit, which our guest of the evening had then exceeded by many years. In a weak moment, to which he will pardon my allusion in view of the heroism of his conduct afterwards, he endeavoured for all that to shirk his civil responsibilities and become a soldier. He was not allowed to get into khaki or into navy blue, and there and then had strength of mind to enter on the narrow path of duty which has brought him to the eminence which he has now attained. For five-and-twenty years, officers, ladies, and gentlemen of the Allied Forces, our guest has borne, with wondrous fortitude, the miseries, the terrors, and the inconveniences of civilian life, of life without a uniform—civilian life with all its worries, all its cares! He has drawn no rations. He has drawn no pay. He has had to find his own clothes. He has not known the comfort of a billet. He has lived in houses open to bombardment, unprotected, instead of in trenches. He has gone about above ground and in daylight without weapons to protect himself. He has, above all, been obliged, as none but the oldest among us have ever been obliged, and that in pre-war days, to live in the ghastly and incredible state of constant preoccupation of providing food and drink and shelter for himself, and has suffered also from the constant worry, which has become more and more acute during the last few years, of being obliged to find work which would produce a living wage. Not for him the daily order, the simple obedience to this or that printed mandate, which for us solves every difficulty. Should he require to travel, he has not been able, as we can, merely to apply for leave and then have everything else arranged and simplified for him by mere obedience to orders. In every little detail of his life he has been compelled to show initiative, and those of us who have to exercise even the limited initiative of high command in the Army or the Navy or the Ministry of Ammunitions or the Foreign Office, know how wearing such initiative can be.

"It is half-past eight, *sais-tu*, Monsieur," said Josephine. "Monsieur will have to have a cold bath"

DURING these long years he has been compelled to create his own toil, his own pleasures. Little by little, as the services absorbed the few remaining civilians, our guest has lost one civilian interest after another. Owing to the needs of the public services, he has been compelled to live without light, to live without tobacco, to live without heat——." Somebody at the bottom of the table hammered applause. "To live without heat," said White-Whiskers, "to live without heat——." The knocking went on. It went on till I woke up. "It is half-past eight, *sais tu, monsieur!*" said Josephine, the Belgian *bonne*, "but there's no heat in the gas again. Monsieur will have to have a cold bath, and it freezes outside to break everything."

So perhaps White-Whiskers was right. I'm a hero without knowing it

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Western Beauty in Eastern Dress

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

A FASCINATING PORTRAIT OF MISS VIOLET ESSEX

Whose lovely voice is well known on the concert platform, as she appears as Marjanah in "Chu Chin Chow" at His Majesty's

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Pell Mell" (Second Edition) at the Ambassadors

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE second edition of this popular revue is a most delightful entertainment. One of the novelties is the office for the regulation of the use of petrol, a commodity, by the way, which still seems to be available for "joy-rides"—to judge by the state of the Brighton Road on a Sunday morning. One of the problems the office has to solve is whether a lady who requires petrol for the renovation of her hair is entitled to the usual allowance of sixty gallons a month. Personally, I should have advised her to buy some new hair. It would probably come cheaper. I could, of course, have said that a lady with so much petrol in her hair ought to be careful about getting too near an old flame, but I trust I am far above cheap humour of this kind.

⁂

ANOTHER novelty is the scene of a free library, with a "Gentle Reader" who is in search of improving literature. An elaborate joke is that of the novel of an authoress famous for the conscientiousness with which she holds up the mirror to nature, as it were. On being opened the book catches alight, and we have thus a very fair indication of the temperature inside. The real purpose of the scene, however, is to institute a comparison between the fighter of the past and the hero of to-day. We are introduced to Ivanhoe, for instance, a gentleman who was reckoned something of a warrior before the world woke up to what fighting really is. After all, we are inclined to discount the valour of a man who went about clad in armour from head to foot, so that before you could find any part of him to hit you would have to get to work on him with a sardine-opener. In a modern war Ivanhoe would be melted down long before he had time to get into the thick of the fighting.

LIKE most of the old fighters, too, Ivanhoe seems to have been a great talker. The modern hero can seldom be persuaded to talk about his prowess. In most cases probably he has been too busy fighting to make notes for future reference. A hero of the Crimean War once declared that at the end of a fearful charge he was quite surprised to find his sword notched

AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE

in several places—and every notch, like every picture, tells a story at a time like that. The hero of the *Pell Mell* scene admitted that he had no idea of the fight he had been through till the sergeant suggested that he should shake his sword a little, as there were still some Germans on it.

THE burlesque of *Chu Chin Chow* is really a satire on the methods of the principals in that successful production. We have the author's wife appealing to her husband to give her a good part in the new play; and we find that she has nothing to do except to look pretty. She is chained to a stake, and lest she should be tempted to improvise "gags" of her own, she is gagged by the management—with a handkerchief. This seems to introduce a personal note on a matter on which I rejoice to say I am completely uninformed.

⁂

FOR the rest, Mlle. Delysia and M. Morton invest the entertainment with a charm and drollery which are unsurpassed in London at the moment. They have an amusing duet, which consists of playful imitations of various musical instruments; but most of the fun for which they are responsible arises from the needs of the moment, and thus it bears the stamp of a rare spontaneity. M. Morton seems to be funny without an effort, while Mlle. Delysia, with her dainty alarm at his extravagances here and there, gives them just the emphasis they require. Once, when they were engaged in singing a duet, M. Morton's eye fell on a little piece of lace that had fallen near the footlights. He stooped and picked it up while continuing the song, and seemed a little perplexed as to where it could have come from. He knew it was no part of his own attire, and it seemed to him that the least he could do as a gentleman was to ascertain by personal investigation if Mlle. Delysia had missed anything. And all he got was a box on the ears for his pains. Ladies are just like that. They never will understand that you only meant it out of kindness.

JINGLE

Delysia + Morton = House Full

The "Second Edition" of "Pell Mell" ought, as a matter of fact, to be called the "Extra Special," it is fuller of fun than ever, and as attractive and amusing a show as anything in London

Home Service

"Will her next batch come from Lord Helpus's establishment?"

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

The Household Military

NOT very long ago I saw in one of our esteemed daily papers an article on the problem of domestic service after the war. Unless my memory plays me false, I believe the writer suggested a sort of militarism as the solution of that much-vexed question. "Home service" would, of course, be the appropriate name; unfortunately it has already been pre-empted by the mere male, so I dare say we should have to content ourselves with "house service"—though if things go on at all as before, "house-to-house service" would be nearer the mark.

❀ ❀

Progressive Service

HOWEVER, the bee-like flitting from flower to flower of our domestic aids and blessings (have you noticed how visibly a cook, for instance, brightens in the eyes of her employer when about to take her flight?) would probably be controlled by some sort of organisation. The general staff, by whose orders the goings and comings of our small private staffs were regulated, might arrange some sort of progressive scheme on the lines of the progressive whist-drive of ancient memory. Handmaidens and men would then move on at regular intervals from house to house and from street to street, ascending or descending in the social scale according to their record of efficiency. The same would apply to employers. Think of the excitement and anxiety of a mistress waiting to hear whether her next batch were coming from Lord Helpus's establishment at the corner or from the modest abode of those common Joneses at the other end of the street! Also the corresponding heart-burnings below stairs.

"For cooks—something in the nature of Zouave trousers and a linen jacket"

❀ ❀

Uniformed Progress

ONE suggestion put forward by the author of the above-mentioned article was, I think, the provision of a suitable uniform, accompanied by service medals and badges and good conduct stripes. I do not know what sort of uniform was in the writer's mind, but personally I have a prejudice in favour of the present one. Nothing, I should have thought, could be smarter or more becoming to the wearer than the black or dark-coloured dress, the white cap, apron, collar, and cuffs as now worn; but perhaps I am wrong. Some persons might prefer a parlour-maid in a long tunic, breeches, and leather gaiters, with, perhaps, an apron of Masonic dimensions, or a housemaid in slacks. Since cooks are not infrequently given to a comfortable rotundity of form something in the nature of Zouave trousers and a linen jacket might meet their fancy. Khaki would be rather dismal in the house, but there would be ample scope for a revival of the ancient glories of scarlet and gold, and, of course, navy blue is a stand-by not to be overlooked.

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The Badge of Slavey

AS for badges, the *cordon bleu* has already been long and favourably known; lesser lights, such as kitchenmaids and cook-generals, could adopt a pudding-

(Continued on page 710)

A CRITICAL SURVEY

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

ADVERTISING is to-day the godmother to progress. It represents one of the essential factors to commercial success, yet it is still in its infancy.

The artistic and literary development of advertising during the last decade has been considerable, and even the ruthless retarder War, altering values, changing perspectives, and reducing to insignificance all things not appertaining to it, has not succeeded in nullifying its force.

From the undistinguished mediocrity of the Victorian era, with its obvious and elementary methods, advertising has evolved to its present from, in which it now incorporates the arts. Old-fashioned prejudice, fostered by unscrupulous publicity-mongers, has been broken down by modern cleanness, and the nineteenth century shibboleth that the very best firms should never advertise exists no longer.

To achieve really successful results, advertising, in its highest form, must possess dignity, psychology, argument, atmosphere, and sincerity. Exaggerations and specious statements are useless in addressing a public of intelligence and discrimination, and advertisements based on an artificial foundation quickly evaporate to the oblivion from which they spring.

A Criticism

Criticised from an international standard British advertising is superior in tone and more convincing in effect than that of any other country. America is the only serious competitor, but whilst considerably more dollars are spent by American advertisers, they are in general inclined to be blatant in argument and crude in literary style. The efforts of Germany are clumsy and unimaginative, conveying only an impression of grossness in keeping with their manners and their appetites. French advertising is indifferent at present, only because it is undeveloped. When the subject is seriously studied by them they will probably evolve the best in the world.

In giving British advertising pride of place I do so on average. Much of the commercial advertising is good and more is moderate. Particularly uneven was the Government recruiting and economy advertising. In parts one could trace the practised hand and the logical mind, but on the whole there was little cohesion, with the result that there were many glaring examples which were simply bad. The statement made in certain newspapers that the recruiting advertising was responsible for raising a huge voluntary army must be entirely refuted. The British voluntary army was created solely by the patriotic spirit of the nation, and this wonderful spirit was in no way influenced by a form of advertising which in some instances consisted merely of cheap gibes. The economy advertising was simply wasted time, effort, and money; not wasted brains, for none were exhibited. In the history of Press and publicity advertising, never has so much money been spent (our money, unfortunately) with such little result. The arguments advanced were not only illogical but fatuous. They were received by all intelligent people with the derision they invited, and even our Cabinet Ministers' wives neglected to follow their doctrines. Of necessity the masses cannot be extravagant, and who dare term the classes so, when they are paying the State 5s. and upwards out of every £1 of their income. Having done this, extravagance becomes no longer a vice, but an art.

"The Cult of the Kilt"

From the painting by "Rilette" to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley

Governmental Advertising

Governmental advertising is, however, hardly a fair criterion, as it is only human nature to be prodigal in spending other people's money. As an illustration of the relation of judicious advertising to commercial success, let me instance the progress of Pope and Bradley. This I do, in no spirit of egotism, but in a cold statement of facts. In thirteen years from foundation, the House of Pope and Bradley has achieved its present position. The turnover of the House is now in a week what it was then in a year, and the *clientèle* is far larger than any other firm of its kind in the West End. Ever since 1913, when the rapid progress was supposed by many to have reached its zenith, the turnover has been considerably more than doubled. These results, which may be claimed without exaggeration to be phenomenal, could never have been obtained without the aid of advertising, but none the less could they have been obtained without a perfect system of business organisation and a perfect system of production. The best advertising in the world would produce only ephemeral results, unless the articles offered were of an equivalent standard to the character of the advertisement. Advertising cannot be made to pay on first results; it pays only as a means of building a connection. The theory, advanced only by the unthinking, that advertising increases the cost of the article, is fallacious. Increased sales ensure far greater buying powers, and a considerable reduction in all standing expenses, which more than pay for the advertising.

In artistic business it is possible to judge to a degree the style of each business by the style of its advertisements. I believe that the refined atmosphere of a House can be clearly indicated by the atmosphere of its advertising, just as the blatant advertisement indicates the vulgar production.

It is, perhaps, because I write so many advertisements that the art side interests me the more. To see one's ideas expressed by such artists as Barribal, Caffyn, Will Houghton (killed now, poor fellow), and "Rilette," is a very great joy. I have deliberately during the last year used with my somewhat severe writing illustrations of light and delicate character. This I have done by way of strong contrast, and the effect may be estimated by the fact that I have received several thousand letters of appreciation from officers at the front.

HOME SERVICE (concluded from page 708)

stick or mixing-spoon. For the scullery-maid a dish-cloth worn on the left sleeve would be eminently suitable, while parlourmaids might adorn themselves with the effigy of a broken plate or such symbolic arms as a corkscrew and carving knife tastefully intertwined. And what do you say to a chaste design of crossed brooms for the housemaid, three for a head and two for an under? When it comes to medals, what could be more appropriate than a dish representing a salver, bearing the legend: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

"Sorry, madam; no beds made after 9 a.m."

❀ ❀

Discipline at Home

I IMAGINE the General Staff would, amongst their other activities, fix the hours of service in general and mealtimes in particular. Supposing they said half-past eight for breakfast: the sluggard who arrived down after nine would find the table miraculously cleared and know that nothing—not even a cup of tea—could be had until the luncheon-gong sounded. Not only that, for he or she, on returning dolefully upstairs, would find the bed unmade, and on summoning the housemaid would receive from her stern lips the admonition: "Sorry, madam, no beds made after 9 a.m.—that's the regulation. If you want it made now you will have to do it yourself."

❀ ❀

The Land of the Free

ALL very salutary, no doubt, but not exactly comfortable for those accustomed to the old order. However, the old order seems bound to change, and in a very short time we may find conditions here as they have long been in other less-favoured climes—the States, for example. No personal attendance, no one to brush your clothes or put them away; no one to pack or unpack for you. And your boots may go unblacked to their unhallowed grave unless you have the energy either to clean them yourself or else to trot them out to the nearest bootblack.

❀ ❀

Two Stories—and a Moral

I REMEMBER in this connection the story of a benighted Briton who in an American hotel put his boots outside the door only to discover them in the morning with the mud of ages still upon them. He indignantly summoned the manager, who listened to his complaint and drawled: "What's your grouch? You ought to be darn thankful to find them again." And yet another case where a well-known English lecturer who had been put up at a girl's school after an instructive evening, put out his boots. They were seen by the headmistress, who, after anguished consultation with her subordinates, cleaned them with her own fair hands. None of the servants would do such a thing, and it was out of the question to hand on the job to pupils or resident governesses. That, my friends, is what we are coming to, unless the prophets have misread the signs of the times. We shall have to learn to help ourselves—or heaven help us!

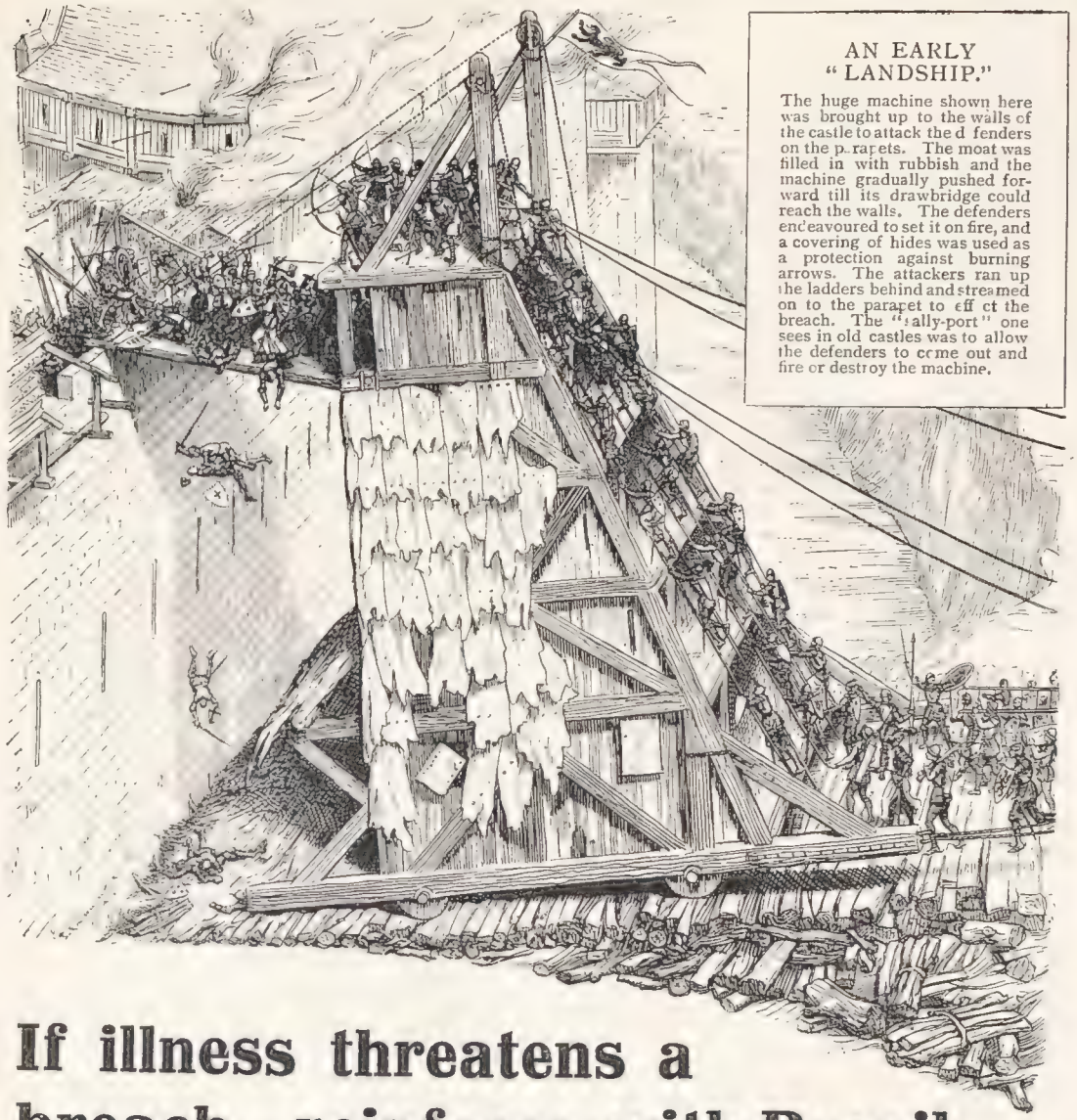
EFEMERA

"Bystander" Surprise Packets

£10 **£10 Offered for the Best** £10

THE BYSTANDER wants some SHORT STORIES. Not any kind of short story, but a particular kind. In a word, a SURPRISE STORY—a story that brings you up with a round turn at the end, leaving you laughing (or crying), but staggered with the unexpectedness of it. The element of surprise is the soul of humour (from the good old booby trap to the Parthian shaft of super-Shavian wit); and it is the soul of effect in every good tale that is told, whether dramatic or comic. TRY, YOU STORY-WRITERS. KEEP US GUESSING ALL THROUGH AND SHAKE US UP HARD AT THE FINISH. Don't think it is necessarily or primarily a "mystery" story you must write, and for pity's sake don't think it is necessarily a funny story It need be none of these. All we want is a good story ending in what is vulgarly called "a punch." Cut out the obvious ending, sharpen it into a point, and put it back again. For the BEST SURPRISE PACKET STORY received before March 1 next ten of the very best £1 Treasury Notes will be awarded. Every other story printed will be paid for at our ordinary rates, and we shall start printing them right away—if they surprise us enough. So don't wait. SHAKE US UP RIGHT NOW. THE STORIES MUST BE SHORT—not more than 1,500-1,800 words.

Mark your envelope "Surprise," and address to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.



AN EARLY "LANDSHIP."

The huge machine shown here was brought up to the walls of the castle to attack the defenders on the parapets. The moat was filled in with rubbish and the machine gradually pushed forward till its drawbridge could reach the walls. The defenders endeavoured to set it on fire, and a covering of hides was used as a protection against burning arrows. The attackers ran up the ladders behind and streamed on to the parapet to effect the breach. The "sally-port" one sees in old castles was to allow the defenders to come out and fire or destroy the machine.

If illness threatens a breach—reinforce with Bovril

If you let yourself get "run down" the germs of illness break through the defensive forces of your body and you fall a victim. To-day more than ever you need to hold the fortress of your health intact. The nation needs your work. The nation cannot afford that you should fall out of the fight. Maintain your health with Bovril.

The wonderful body-building powers of Bovril give you more strength to resist the attacks of illness. You are sure of being nourished if you take Bovril.

And Bovril gives you that fine sense of energy and vitality which makes it a joy to accomplish big work. Indeed, Bovril may well be termed "concentrated energy," for it takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril.

Start taking Bovril to day—but remember it must be Bovril.

For the Front.—The most convenient pack to send out to Officers is Campaigning Bovril. Six 4-oz. jars in a compact parcel.

The Body-Building Powers of Bovril proved to be 10 to 20 times the amount taken

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef, the raw material of Bovril, the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war

S.H.B.

CORRECT in every detail.

A complete knowledge of English and Foreign regulations and an expert staff of cutters, designers and workmen, enable us to carry out the most exacting requirements of officers requiring

NAVAL & MILITARY UNIFORM and Equipment.

Estimates free.

Specialists in Colonial, Foreign and Tropical outfits for the Naval, Military and Civil Services.

MILLER, RAYNER & HAYSOM, LTD.

Established nearly 100 Years.

LONDON: 110, Fenchurch St., E.C.
LIVERPOOL: 24, Lord St.
SOUTHAMPTON: 35-36, Oxford St.

Estimate sent on application (mentioning branch of service for which outfit is required).

COFFEE AT ITS BEST

When you feel you would give anything for a cup of hot coffee, that is the time when you will acknowledge the superlative worth of Milkmaid Café au Lait. It is made in a moment—neither milk nor sugar needed. You simply add boiling water and there it is, the most delicious coffee you ever tasted—and the *cheapest.* Try a tin to-day, but be sure you get the genuine

MILKMAID Café au Lait KAFFAY-O-LAY

Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint.

Never fail to include a few tins in your parcels to the boys at the Front; there is nothing they more appreciate—nothing that will do them more good.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.

Dont let your curtains and blinds flack in the night with a light in the room.

NEVERTHELESS— YOU CAN USE ROYAL

EDISWAN DRAWN WIRE LAMPS

There is no reason why you should not enjoy the finest possible light in your home.

Everyone who tries

H.P. Sauce

is at once delighted with its new and delicious flavour.

Plenty of other Sauces but only one H.P. Sauce

THE GRAPHIC

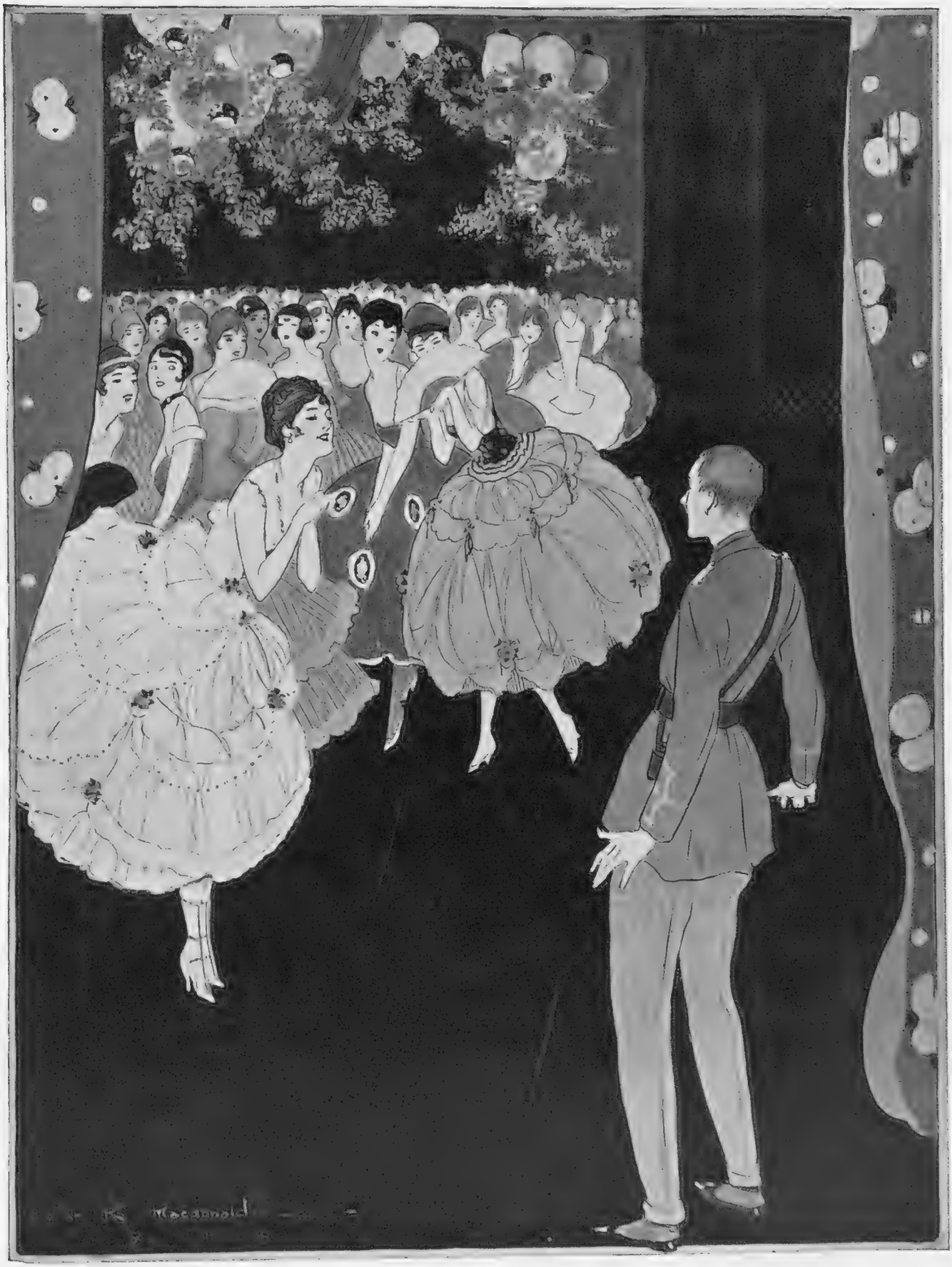
December 23, 1916. Price 6d.

GENERAL ROBERT NIVELLE.
From the painting by LUCIEN JONAS.

PRUSSIAN "PEACE."
Why the Allies say "No!"

THE SOLDIERS' XMAS.
Scenes at the new Army Post Office in Regent's Park.

A Mistletoe Nightmare



Awful dream of a very bashful V.C. on the eve of the Christmas Party given in his honour

The World War Through a Woman's Eyes

PEACE—AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT

By ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

PEACE! And so that's it, is it? Germany must wait a little longer for the consummation of that great desire. Germany, or rather, Prussia, must be completely reduced economically before a lasting peace can be accomplished. In Moscow this summer a Prussian officer, a prisoner of war, was interrogated as to his opinions. He vouchsafed that if the reverses they were at that time sustaining continued it was Germany's intention to seek peace next spring. He was greatly surprised at the Russians asserting that no such arrangement would be concluded; but he confessed that were peace negotiations successful Germany would immediately commence preparations for a future war, in which she would be completely victorious.

❀

THIS is the third season of Peace and Good Will, which is being celebrated in bitter conflict. And for the third time the Kaiser had promised his soldiers that before the leaves fell they would be back again in the "dear Fatherland." Autumn seems to be his time for making such proposals, and spring-time is the *Entente's* season for promised offensives. I am still convinced, from many opinions heard in several *Entente* countries, that a six months' concentrated campaign on all fronts will mean the cessation of hostilities. So let us hope that from next April till October will be the really decisive period in the *Entente's* favour, and that this time next year the Christmas season may be celebrated in joy and thanksgiving.

❀

THE opinions that I have had in various countries as to when the war will end are interesting; but perhaps the most interesting was that of Monsieur l'Abbé Wetterlé. Monsieur l'Abbé, it will be remembered, had to flee from Colmaert, in Alsace, late in July, 1914, or he would have been tried for high treason. He was the deputy for Strasburg for ten years in the Reichstag, and member in the local assembly of Alsace-Lorraine. Monsieur l'Abbé is a curious man, and prophesied the fall of Germany with a foresight and calmness that were astonishing. Not by fighting and pressing our way in, he told me, would the Allies enter Germany, but through disintegration in Germany itself. The French revolution was mere child's play in comparison with the chaos which there will be in Germany, for, l'Abbé assured me, Saxony (which has never been contented with this war) will lead, and the other States, even Bavaria, will follow, in rejecting Prussia, and will join the Allies when the first sign is shown of the *Entente* being victorious on German soil.

❀

THEN the end is to be as quick as was the beginning, when less than a week saw us all embroiled in this frightful war. Not that Saxony and the other German States can expect much from the Allies; but by joining them they will hope to save their own skins. Their own provinces would not be unnecessarily ruined, and they would hope for commercial consideration after the war from foreign countries; but they, too, in their frenzy against their oppressor, will work for the complete suppression of the Prussian octopus. Monsieur l'Abbé thumped the table when I ventured any argument, saying: "*Mais mademoiselle, vous ne connaissez pas ces gens*—proud and imperious in success they will become cringing and miserable in failure."

❀

TO blockade the seas is England's first duty; in fact, a definite outlining of England's policy in each section of the war will have more effect upon the Germans than any speeches. When Germany knows what we intend to do with her she will collapse quickly; and although England seems to have lost some prestige because of her dilatory foreign policy during the war, yet it is to England that everyone, friend or foe, and even neutrals, will look during peace negotiations and afterwards, simply because England wants nothing but peace. Every other country wants some benefit. England may possibly demand an indemnity from Germany; but everyone, even the Germans, know that England has no aspirations, such as the annexation of foreign countries. ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

IN MONASTIR ONCE MORE

This French official photograph shows Sir Thomas Troubridge, who has by this time a pretty complete knowledge of the manners and customs of the Balkan peoples at war, walking through the streets of recaptured Monastir, accompanied by one of the Serbian Princes

THE TIELOCKEN

Illustrated Naval or Military Catalogues Post Free

Officers' Complete Kits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready for Use

COMBINED with the distinctive design of THE TIELOCKEN is efficient weatherproofness—protection of the real "dread-nought" order.

This quality is embodied in every inch of the coat. Put there by an exclusive Burberry process that needs no rubber or oiled-silk to make it effective.

It excludes wets, yet is entirely free from the unhealthy heat set up by air-tight fabrics.

Apart from proofness, the material itself is so dense that no wind can find entrance. This, in conjunction with warmth-giving linings of Wool, Fleeces or Fur, makes THE TIELOCKEN the ideal safeguard for wintry weather.

Its design ensures that every vulnerable part of the body is doubly covered. From chin to knees, there's no chance for wet or cold to penetrate.

Another advantage of THE TIELOCKEN is its quick adjustment. A strap-and-buckle holds the coat secure—no buttons to fasten or lose.

Every Burberry garment is labelled "Burberrys."

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON

8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agents

The Winter Sale at Peter Robinson's

Commences on Monday, January 1st

OUR great Annual Sales are now so widely known that there is no need for us to elaborate on the unrivalled opportunities for money-saving they always afford; suffice it to say that this year the values will fully equal those offered on any previous occasion, although prices have been steadily rising all the year. We safe-guarded the Bargains for this Sale by placing our orders many months ago, thus securing goods of our well-known standard quality and style at prices that enable us to offer the same liberal reductions as hitherto.

A special feature of this Sale is found in our offer of Venetian Silk Underwear at prices fully 35 per cent. below Market Value.

We illustrate two examples.

Venetian Silk Chemise (as sketch), in White or Pink **13/11** each

Knickers, in various colours **10/-** pair

* * *

Italian Silk Combinations, Embroidered, in White or Pink **16/11**

Heavy Spun Silk Combinations, Morley's make. Special Sale Price **16/11**

Spun Silk Combinations, Lace trimmed Special Sale Price **13/11**

Spun Silk Combinations, Lace top. Scotch manufacture. Sale Price **11/9**

Venetian Silk Combinations in White or Pink (as sketch)... **15/11** pair

Vests in White or Pink ... ... **7/11** each

Peter Robinson Ltd.
OXFORD STREET

Books of the Week

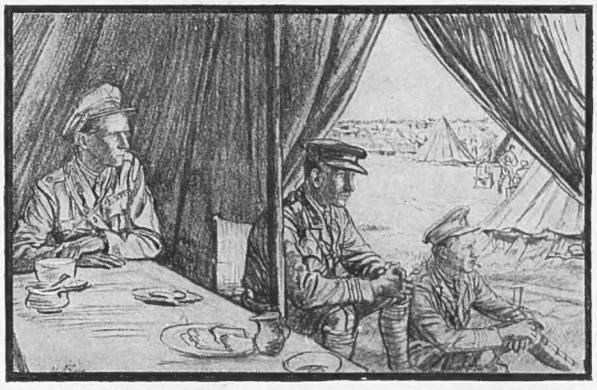
A TALE OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

"The Wages of Virtue"

CAPTAIN Percival Wren is really a remarkable writer. Book follows book these days from his pen, though I suspect that several were written before he began to publish. Only a few months ago that extraordinary tale, *Driftwood Spars*, appeared, and now comes *The Wages of Virtue* (Murray: 5*s.* net), a spirited tale of that unique body, the Foreign Legion of France. Now if this book had been published in the year when it was written (1913), there might have been some readers to scoff at its melodrama, but a certain recent event will be in the minds of most of us when we read of Captain Sir Montague Merline's enlistment in the Foreign Legion.

An Exciting Tale

Indeed, there is nothing impossible or even extravagant in this Englishman's entry into the Legion. He is supposed to have been killed, and his wife has re-married. So he turns himself into Mr. John Bull, and his life in Algiers is described with such a minuteness of detail as could only have been obtained from a Legionnaire himself. Reading of his adventures with the Italian bully, the delightful American, the two other Englishmen in his company, Reginald Rupert and 'Erbiggins, and Carmelita, you can fancy it is Dostoievsky himself describing the horrors of discipline in a second exile to Africa. But there is more than these faithful descriptions. There is an exciting story of the kind that Captain Wren knows so well how to tell. Most of his stories deal with the English gentleman who has "gone under," but you do not quarrel with him on that account if he can weave such a yarn as *The Wages of Virtue*. R. S.



WAITING FOR THE WOUNDED
By Muirhead Bone, in "The Western Front"

"The Western Front"

Mr. Muirhead Bone has done some remarkably fine work—and this is duly acknowledged by Sir D. Haig in a foreword — in his sketches on *The Western Front* (published for the Government by *Country Life* and George Newnes, Ltd.: Monthly parts, 2*s.* each). The first issue contains pathetic and stirring sketches of shell-torn and devastated Ypres; while other sketches deal with the medical side of the war—one, which we reproduce, showing medical officers waiting for the wounded to be brought in. The most popular of the first series of sketches should be "Tanks," a magnificent rendering of the appearance in action of what the author truly calls these "grim and daunting engines of war." Subscribers to this admirable series should be many. No one can find a finer or more touching record of the war and the men who are fighting in it. B.

1/- YOU MAY YET BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO BUY A COPY OF THE 1/-

'Bystander' Christmas Number

HURRY UP, BEFORE THEY ARE ALL SOLD OUT.

This Unparalleled, Unapproachable, Unforgettable Number is Full of Good Things. It contains

10 Pages of Bairnsfather at his Best.

(These alone are well worth double the money!)

"DICKENS AND THE GREAT WAR," by Vivian Carter.

Stories and Articles by: "Casualty," B. Macdonald Hastings, W. Hodgson Burnet, R. B. Ince, Dell Leigh, and other popular writers; besides a long letter from "Blanche."

Also a Splendid Double-page, in Colour, by Wilmot Lunt,

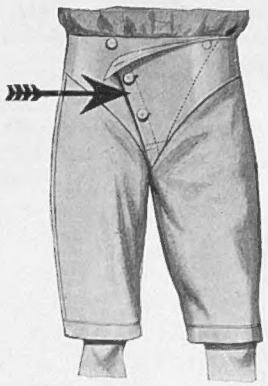
"TILL THE BOYS COME HOME."

And other Coloured, Photogravure, and Black and White Pictures by Celebrated Artists.

DON'T MISS IT!

"For Winter in the Trenches"

Chamois Leather Drawers



Ensures perfect comfort with absolute warmth. The most suitable garment for all those exposed to damp, wind and cold throughout the winter campaign with the forces in the field.

Price 27/6 post free.

When ordering, please give waist measurement.

Chamois Leather Socks.

Ensure perfect circulation and absolute warmth. They entirely do away with Frost-Bite, and have proved the greatest comfort and protection to Officers at the Front.

Price 9s. post free.

When ordering please state size of boot worn.

Combined Under Vest and Back Protector

Made of the purest Camel Fleece, this garment affords complete protection to the vital organs of the body from damp and exposure in the field, and is beautifully warm and comfortable.

Price 28/6 post free.

When ordering please give chest measurement.

Write for the illustrated Booklet "FOR ACTIVE SERVICE."

TURNBULL AND ASSER

MILITARY AND SPORTING OUTFITTERS,

71 - 72, JERMYN ST. (5 Doors from St. James's Street) LONDON, S.W.

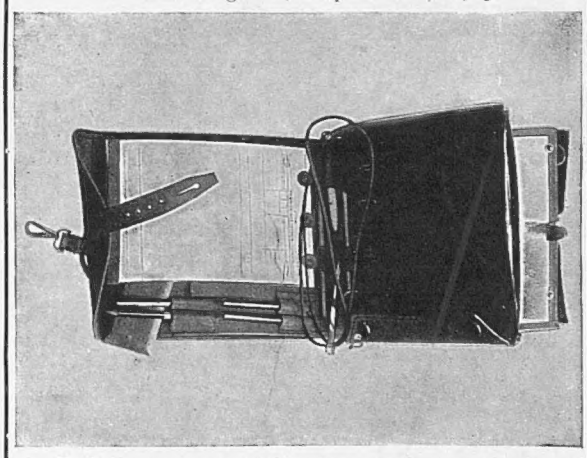
Telegrams—"Paddywhack, London." **Telephone—4628, Gerrard.**

AN army moves on its stomach. Its stomach is fed by its transport. Its transport moves by its wheels. And they are, in the case of motor transport, invariably equipped with Warland Dual (quick-tyre-change) Rims. Because they are safe, quick and easy to handle. Hence also their appeal to the lady driver.

WARLAND DUAL RIMS,
ASTON, BIRMINGHAM;
111, Gt. Portland Street, London.

The "S. & A."
RECONNAISSANCE MAP CASE

As recommended by *Land and Water* in "Choosing Kit," *April 10th*, 1915.



Folding waterproof khaki canvas, with transparent face 17 in. by 8¼ in. for map and extra pocket for spare maps—a pocket for papers—stiffened writing board with divisions, for message form C2121, pencils, divider, indiarubber, and protractor—pocket for carbons—button-hole tab and lanyard for use when working—leather handle and swivel hook for attaching to belt... ... ... **£2 2 0**

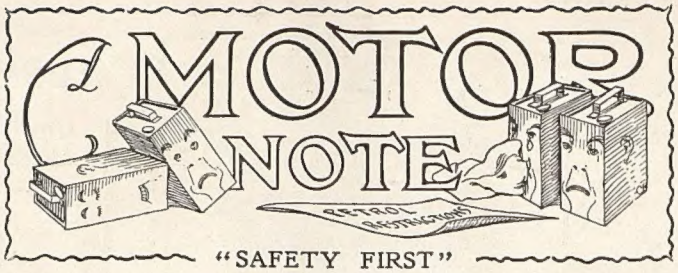
Or fitted with 6 pencils, indiarubber, divider and protractor **£2 12 0**

Postage to B.E.F. 1/- extra. Send for NEW *Illustrated List of War Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY

By appointment to H.M. The King.

185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.



"SAFETY FIRST"

The First Law

"SAFETY FIRST" is a slogan that comes from America, where it has had an excellent run. It is a good idea at bottom, having for its object the education of the road-user in the science of looking after his or her own safety without doing injury to others. Self-preservation being the first law of nature (see standard copybook maxims), one would hardly imagine the first part of the idea had any need of emphasis. It hasn't, really; but we have so grown into the habit of expecting the other fellow to do the right thing that we have developed a carelessness which, when the other fellow fails, sometimes leads to an inquest. The difference between the pedestrian and other road-users in this connection is that the ped. is not only careless, but pugnaciously careless. He is the finest expression of the free and independent Britisher extant, and insists upon his right to walk down the centre of the road, if he feels that way disposed, even though there's an empty footpath available for him. In which idiotic attitude idiotic cadis encourage him.

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Safety First

I AM afraid it will take quite a lot of "Safety First" conventions to convert our friend the pugnacious ped. We shall first have to form a society for the propagation of a traffic sense in the Great Unpaid; but the idea is a good one, and should be financed by the insurance companies, who stand to benefit quite a lot. I see the London General Omnibus Company is keen upon the matter, which is as it should be, not because the L.G.O.C. bears its own insurance risk (I do not know whether it does or not), but because there always was more occasion for care with hefty affairs like motor-'buses running generally in thick traffic than for most other vehicles; and always will be. So far as motor-'buses are concerned, the "Safety First" crusade may very felicitously begin at home, and if it stays there until the good work is completely done, it will be a pretty long time before it gets out. As anybody who has only escaped by hanging on by his eyebrows from being jerked off the top of said motor-'bus will know. But it's (once again) a good idea, and I like to think of the posters showing how to cross a road, when I am trying to get across by the Elephant and Castle, for example. So, here's success to "Safety First" and—and the devil take the hindmost!

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Odds and Ends

THE British Dominions General Insurance Company have issued a "Safety First" booklet on how to avoid accidents. This company's head-quarters are in Edinburgh. If they had been in Glasgow the company could have found the whole answer in two words carved over the fireplace of the Scottish Automobile Club. "Gang warily." That's how. ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Motorists! Increase the efficiency of your Electric Lighting and Starting by using a C.A.V. ACCUMULATOR. A British Battery for every purpose, and each one the best in its range.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING.—Half your Petrol Saved and a better light by having Spensers' Patent Duplex Carburetter fixed to your lighting generator (works with motor petrol).—For particulars apply to SPENSERS, Ltd., 53b, South Molton St., W.

"THE CAPTAIN M.O."

I had not met Gerald since we were at Bart's, until I came across him, in his shirt sleeves, working like a Trojan with another Field Ambulance near..... Naturally, we did a bit of chin-wagging over a Cigarette; he smokes "Army Clubs" of course.

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